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ARCHIBALD MAYO,

Attorney at Law,

(PROSECUTING ATTORNEY OF VINTON COUNTY.)

McARTHUR, OHIO.

WILL attend promptly to all legal business entrusted to his care in Vinton and Jackson counties. Office—In Dodge's Building, over Speckland's Store, corner Main and Locust Streets, East of the Court House.

Office—Second story of Davis' Building, on Main Street.

January 24, 1867.

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July 11, 1867.

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JOSEPH BRADBURY, WILLIAM MARK,

BRADBURY & MARK,

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McARTHUR, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO.

WILL practice in Vinton and adjoining counties. Office on Logan Street.

April 11, 1867.

J. A. MONAHAN, M. D.,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

HAMDEN, VINTON COUNTY, OHIO.

"HANKFUL for the liberal patronage received for the two past years, he would say to those desiring his professional services, that he may always be found at his Office of residence, on Main Street, unless absent on professional business."

February 28, 1867.

RICHARD CRAIG,

LICENSED

AUCTIONEER,

McARTHUR, Ohio.

HAVING been licensed to dispose of property by public auction, he will promptly attend all auctions in Vinton county when solicited.

Office—Shivel's Law Office, in the Court House.

August 1, 1867.

J. J. McDOWELL,

Attorney at Law,

—AND—

U. S. Claim Agent,

McARTHUR, OHIO.

WILL practice in Vinton and adjoining counties. Also, Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue. Office—In the Vinton County Bank.

June 27, 1867.

FALL AND WINTER

DRY GOODS!

DRY GOODS!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE PILOT'S REVENGE.

—

It was towards night on the twenty-first of September, 1834, a small English war-brig, which had been fitted out for the suppression of smugglers, was lately creeping along over the heavy monotonous swells just off the coast of Galway, and on her deck was being enacted a scene of somewhat more than common interest. The day before she had captured a small boat laden with captured articles, together with an old man and boy who had charge of them, and the captain of the brig, whose name was Draught, had ordered that the smugglers should be put in irons. To this indignity the old man made a stout resistance, and, in the heat of the moment, had so far forgotten himself as to strike the captain a blow which laid him upon the deck. Such an indignity to an English officer was past endurance, and, in punishment for this offence, the smuggler had been condemned to die.

A single whip was rove at the starboard foreyard-arm, and all hands were called to witness the execution. The rope was noosed and slipped over the culprit's head, and the running end was rove through a small snatch-block upon the deck. Until this moment, not a word escaped the lips of the boy. He trembled as he beheld the awful preparations, and as the fatal noose was passed and drawn tight, the color forsook his cheeks, and he sprang forward and dropped upon his knees before the incensed captain.

"Mercy, sir—Mercy!"

"For whom?" asked the officer, while a contemptuous sneer rested upon his lips.

"For that old man, whom you are about to kill."

"He dies, my boy!"

"But he is my father, sir."

"No matter if he were my own father, that man who strikes an English officer while in the performance of his duty must die."

"But he was manacled—he was insulted, sir," urged the boy.

"Insulted!" repeated the captain.—"Who insulted him?"

"You did, sir," replied the boy, while his face was flushed with indignation.

"Get up, sir, and be careful that you do not receive the same treatment," said the captain in a savage tone.

The old man heard this appeal of his son, and as the last words dropped from the lips of his captor, he raised his head, and while a look of the utmost defiance passed over his features, he exclaimed:

"Ask no favors, Robert. Old Carl Kintock can die as well now as at any other time; let them do their worst."

Then, turning to Captain Draught, he changed his tone for one of deep supplication, and said:

"Do what you please with me, sir, but do not harm my boy, for he has done no wrong. I am ready for your sentence, and the sooner you finish it the better."

"Lay hold of the whip," shouted the captain. "Lay hold, every one of you, and stand by to run the villain up."

In obedience to this order, the men ranged themselves along the deck, and each one laid hold of the rope.

Robert Kintock looked first at his father, and then he ran his eyes along the line of men who were to be his executioners; but not one sympathizing or pitying glance could he trace. Their faces were all hard and cold, and they all appeared anxious to consummate their murderous work.

"What!" exclaimed the boy, while a tear started from his eye, and his lips trembled, "is there not one even who can pity?"

"Up with him," shouted the captain.

Robert buried his eyes in his hands, and the next moment his father was swinging at the yard-arm. He heard the creaking block, and he knew he was fatherless.

Half an hour afterwards the boy knelt by the side of the ghastly corpse, and a simple prayer escaped his lips. Then a low, murmuring sound came up from his bosom, but none of those who stood around knew its import. It was a pledge of deed revenge!

Just as the old man's body slid from the gangboard into the water, a vivid flash of lightning streamed through the heavens, and in another instant the dread artillery of nature sent forth a roar so long and loud that the men actually placed their hands upon their ears to shut out the deafening power. Robert Kintock started at the sound, and what had caused dread in their bosoms sent a thrill of satisfaction to his own.

"Oh, revenge!" he muttered to himself, as he cast his eyes over the foam-crested waves which had already risen beneath the power of the sudden storm.

The darkness had come as quickly as did the storm, and all that could be distinguished from the deck of the brig, save the breaking sea, was the fearful, craggy shore, as flash after flash illuminated the heavens.

"Light, ho!" shouted a man forward, and the next moment all eyes were directed to a bright light which had suddenly flashed up among the distant rocks.

The wind had now reached its height, and with its giant power sent the ill-fated brig directly upon the surf-bound shore of rocks and reef, and every face, save one, was blanched with fear. In vain did they try to lay the brig to the wind, but not a sail would hold for an instant, until at length the men managed to get up a fore and main storm-stay sail, and then the brig stood for a short time against the heaving sea. But it was evident should she succeed in keeping to the wind she would eventually be driven ashore, for the power of the setting waves was greater than that of the wind.

"Boy, do you know what light that is?" asked the captain, as he stood holding on to the main-rigging to keep his feet.

"Yes, sir," replied Robert, "it is Ballymore's Crag."

"What is it there for?"

"It marks the entrance to a little harbor, sir, which lies in back of it."

"And can it be entered by a vessel of this size?" asked the captain, while a glimmer of hope shot across his face.

"Oh, yes, sir! A large ship can enter there."

"And do you know the passage?"

"Yes, sir; I have spent my whole life on this coast, and I know every turn in it."

"Could you take the brig in there in this storm?"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy.

"And will you do it?" eagerly asked the captain.

"On two conditions."

"Name them quickly."

"The first is, that you let me go in peace; and the next, that you trouble none of the smugglers, should they happen to be there."

"I promise," said the captain. "And now set about your work. But mark me, if you deceive me, by St. George, I'll shoot you on the spot!"

The brig was soon put before the wind, and Robert Kintock stationed himself upon the starboard fore-arm, from whence his orders were passed along the helmsman. The bounding vessel soon came within sight of the ragged crags, and the heart of every man leaped with fearful thrills as they swept past a frowning rock which almost grazed them as they passed. On flew their brig, and thicker and more fearful became the rocks which raised their heads on every side.

"Port!" shouted the boy.

"Port it is."

"Steady—so."

"Steady it is."

"Starboard—quick."

"Ay, ay—starboard it is."

"Steady—so."

"Steady it is."

At this moment the vessel swept on past an overhanging cliff, and just as a vivid flash of lightning shot through the heavens and revealed all the horrors around, a loud shout was heard from the young pilot, and in a moment all eyes were turned upon him. He stood upon the extreme end of the yard, and held on by the lift. In a moment more he crouched down like a tiger after his prey, and then with a leap he reached the projecting rock.

"Revenge! revenge!" was all that the doomed men heard, and they were swept away in the boiling surge beyond.

"Breakers! a reef!" screamed a man forward, "Starboard, quick!"

But it was too late. Ere the helm was half up, a low, tremendous grating of the brig's keel was felt, and the next instant came a crash which sounded high above the roar of the elements, and the heavy mast went sweeping away to leeward, followed in a few moments by large masses of the ill-fated vessel's wreck and cargo. Shriek after shriek went up from those doomed men. But they were in the grasp of a power that knows no mercy. The storm king took them for his own.

The next moment a small party of wreckers came down from the rocks and moved along the shore. It was strewn with fragments of the wreck, and here and there were scattered along the shore the bruised and mutilated forms of the brig's crew. Among that party was Robert Kintock, and eagerly did he search among the ghastly corpses, as though there was one he would have found. At length he stopped and stooped over the one upon the shoulders of which were two golden epaulettes. It was the captain of the—the murderer of his father! The boy placed his foot upon the prostrate body, and then a strange light beamed from his eyes, and a shudder passed over his countenance as he muttered:

"Father, you are fearfully Revenged!"

The boy spoke truly. Fearful in conception, and fearful in its consummation had been the Pilot's Revenge.

Love works very strange transformations in young women. Sometimes it leads them to try every mode of adding to their attractions—their whole thought is how to be most lovely in the eyes they would fill, so as to keep out all other images. Poor darlings! We smile at their little vanities, as if they were very trivial things compared with the last Congressman's speech or the great election sermon; but Nature knows well what she is about. The maiden's ribbon or ruffle means a great deal more for her than the judge's wig or the priest's surplice.

A certain young clergyman, modest almost to bashfulness, was once asked by a country apothecary of a contrary character, in a public and crowded assembly, and in a tone of voice sufficient to catch the attention of the whole company:

"How it happened that the patri-arches lived to such extreme old age?"

To which the clergyman replied—

"Perhaps they took no physic."

How early it gets late now—a days.

From the Boston True Flag.

THE OFFICE-SEEKER.

Election day is near hand.

The "cards" will soon appear.

Announcing that friend Jones will stand

For office—and the boys.

And though he oft hath passed you by,

Amid the bustling crowd,

He soon will say: "How are you, Cy?"

"My boy, you do me proud."

To be polite to all he strives;

His voice could not be milder.

As he enquires about their wives,

And all the little "chidder."

He holds your hand within his own,